

Ireland....Liberty springs from her Martyrs' Blood.

726

AN ADDRESS

BY THE

REV. GEORGE W. PEPPER,

Chaplain 40th U.S.I.

DELIVERED AT

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA,

DECEMBER 20th, 1867.

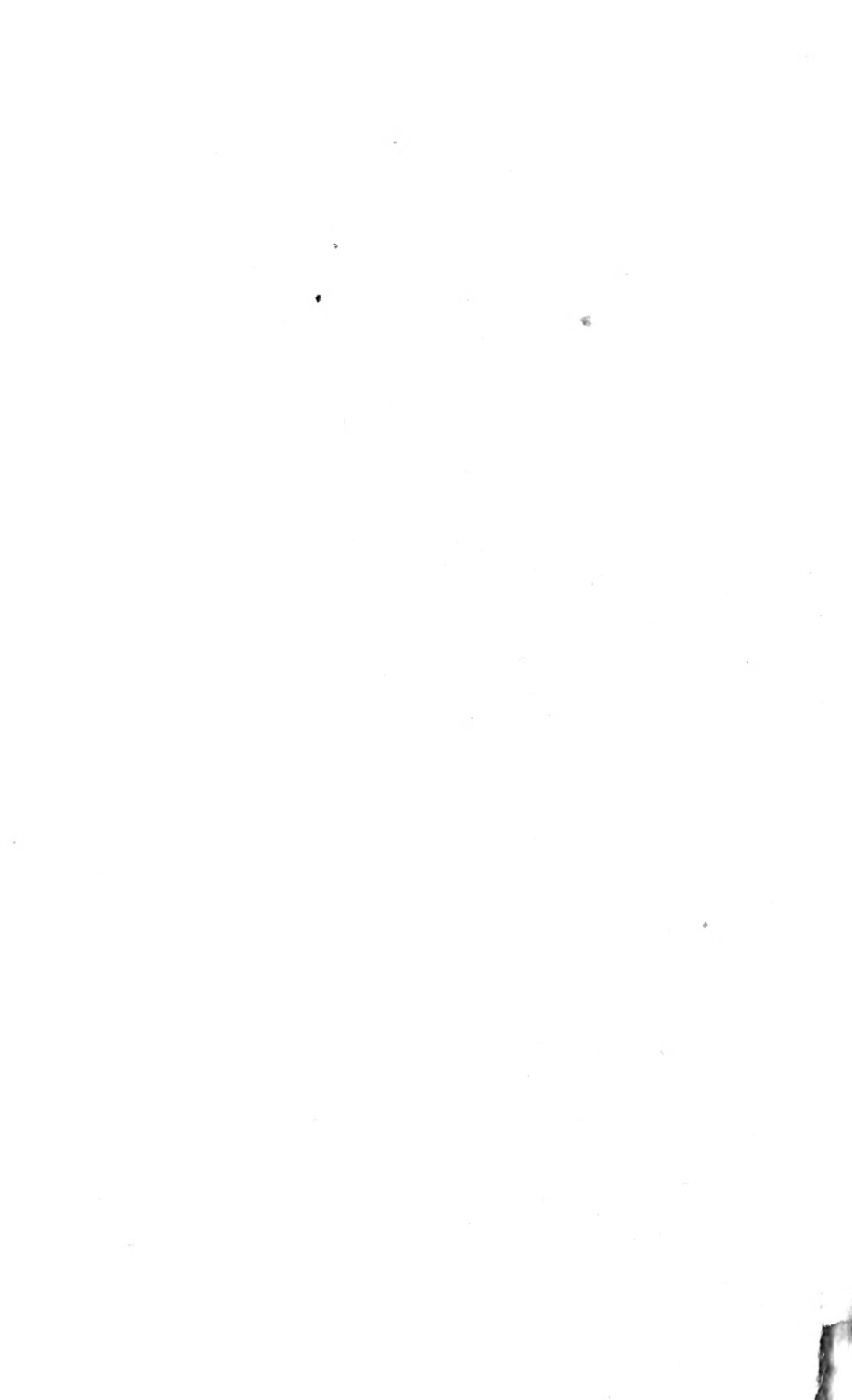


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ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT:

YOU have done me the honor to request that I should speak to-night on "IRELAND," and I consider, therefore, that it is my duty to put you in possession of my opinions on a subject that is now agitating the British Government, and will continue to agitate until justice is done to the Irish nation—a justice demanding the utter destruction of that flag which has floated for centuries over the bones of a murdered people. My theme, then, is Ireland, the land of our affections and our hopes. There was a time when it was considered an evidence of utter degradation for a man to avow that he was a native of that distant and beloved isle. There was a time when, even in your beautiful city of Raleigh, the irresistible pen of a distinguished politician, a name known and honored throughout the land for staunch fidelity to the Union and civil liberty, had to be wielded in vindication of the rights of foreign born citizens under the Constitution and the laws. Thank God—and I say it with a rejoicing heart—those dark periods have passed away, and the thinking men of all classes are now eager to do justice to that country, to which much of the prosperity and glory of this great nation is due. Ireland, heroic, illustrious island!—once a word of reproach, veined with sneering irony, only spoken of by some religious bigot in a sermon, or by some marrowless politician on the stump to cover it with slander and abuse. History has written it as our proudest eulogy. Geographically considered, it is but a small island, with an area of thirty-two thousand miles, and yet to most of her sons, scattered over the earth's wide surface, there is an indescribable charm and fascination in the very name. There are so many delightful associations over which one lingers in enthusiastic love, and which suggests to the mind illustrious memories of a time when it produced warriors, poets, saints and orators. The

climate is so charming, the scenery is so full of noble beauties, the soil is so fruitful, the men so brave, and the women so fair, and the whole people so brimful of wit and of a generous hospitality, that even the iron-hearted Cromwell exclaimed, while viewing the beautiful valley of the Nore from the cupalo of St. Canice, "Behold, here indeed is a land worth fighting for!"

Geographers tell us that the world may be divided into two hemispheres, one of water and the other of land. Ireland is the centre of the land hemisphere. A most admired poet says "that her back is turned to Britain, and her face to the West," indicating that Ireland is favorably situated to become the great *entrepot* of the commerce between Europe and America. The Irish claim that the glory of discovering this continent belongs to one of their saints, St. Brenden, and that Ireland was the first, as she is now, the most friendly and trusted ally of the great Republic. That no other country, visited by travellers, approaches Ireland in natural attractions, is the belief of every Irishman. Where else do we behold so many great and characteristic features? where such mountains as the magnificent chain of the Connemaras? where gardens so sylvan and lovely, with winding walks, like those in forests, fountains and springs? where lakes like those of Killarney, where savage wildness ceases to be terrible, because it is inconceivably lovely? where cathedrals and churches of such grandeur and awe-inspiring vastness? where such a soil, fruitful enough to support fifteen millions of people? where else can we feel in every air which blows the spirit of health, the freedom from the world—the communion with one's self?

Glorious old Ireland—the temple of nature where man casts off for a time all thoughts but of her, and drinks deep of the purest and loftiest sources of enjoyment—mighty and grand in thy unrivalled beauties; wonderfully beautiful in thy enchanting loveliness, and thy mountains noble and magnificent images of eternal power and grandeur.

"The Niobe of nations! there she stands
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

Ireland is a heroic nation. The records of liberty are full of the praise of Irish valor. Satirical Voltaire, the cynic of the human race, may ridicule their gallantry, saying they fight everybody's

battles but their own. Can Greece, Rome, Switzerland, Holland, or even America, present more glorious fields, or more gallant struggles for freedom? Their sieges are so many eulogisms, the most heroic are those of Derry, where the brave Walker held out against pestilence, famine, death, until God himself fought for him; and that of Limerick where the immortal Sarsfield splendidly defied the bullets of the enemy. "Show me the man," said the Queen of Navarre, "that tells the nations that I am beautiful, that I may shower honors upon him." We love Davis for singing of Ireland's charms:—

"Oh! she is a rich and rare land! Oh! she is a fresh and fair land;
She is a true and dear land, this native land of mine."

The patriot Irishman loves to refer to the glorious period of the United Irishmen—producing a host of brilliant men, among them poor Emmet, the bean ideal of a soldier, a patriot, and a man. Pity smiles through her tears on the strange and chequered scenes of his life in connection, not only with the scaffold, which he made radiant and glorious as the cross, but also the tender and touching separation from him of the young and beautiful daughter of a well known Irish barrister.

"It was the evening of a lovely day; a young and beautiful girl stood at the prison gate, and desired admittance into the dungeon. She was closely veiled, and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor that any one of such proud bearing should be an humble suppliant at the prison door. However, he granted the boon, led her to the dungeon, opened the massive door, then closed it again, and the lovers were alone. He was leaning against the prison wall, with a down-cast head, and his arms were folded upon his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him, the girl whose sunny brow, in the days of his boyhood, had been his pole star; the maiden who made him think the world was all sunshine. The clanking of his chains sounded like a death knell to her ears, and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her to his heart. In a low voice, he besought her not to forget him when he was gone. He spoke of by-gone days; the happiness of childhood, when his hopes were bright and glorious.

"Hark! the church bell sounded, and he remembered the hour of separation. The jailor entered, and after dashing the tears from his

eyes, he separated them from their long embrace, and led the lady from the dungeon. At the entrance she turned; their eyes met; they could not say farewell. The door swung upon its heavy hinges, and they parted forever. The next day, a pale girl, with golden hair, lay upon the bed of death. O! it was hard for her to die in that beautiful Erin, where the flowers bloom and the balmy air comes freshly to the pining soul. O! no, her star was set, her heart was broken!

“When ties have been formed upon earth, what is more heart-rending and agonizing to the spirit than to find the beloved is snatched away, and all our love given to a passing floweret. Enough, she died, the betrothed of Robert Emmett.”

The muse of Byron has immortalized the maid of Saragossa; why should the amiable Sarah Curran, the betrothed of Robert Emmett, be denied equal honors? The story of the bridge of Wexford, where so many dauntless hearts suffered a cruel death by the remorseless soldiery; and the recent butchery in Manchester, where three young Irishmen were strangled to death, show the desperate fidelity with which the sons of Erin cling to the unconquered purpose of securing independence for the land of their fathers. Where in the annals of nations do we find such calm and dignified heroism in the very presence of death? The murder of these gallant men has rung the death-knell of English domination in Ireland. From the depths of a million Irish hearts, on this side of the Atlantic, the cry of vengeance has gone forth. There, in the very heart of brutal England, these young heroes, lifted up their dying voices, kept their flags flying and broke forth in electric enthusiasm with the anthem—“*God save Ireland!*” Eternal honor to their memories. They leave behind them stainless names. To them be applied the lines of Arnold, for they realized the bold and beautiful sentiments they express:

“Charge once more, then, and be dumb,
Let the victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find your bodies by the wall.”

If the cause of Ireland is not just, then there is no justice in earth or Heaven. For centuries her children have been kept in bondage the most cruel and degrading—the caves and fastnesses of the mountains have been their hiding place against the ferocious despotism

that sought their destruction. Famines of recent years, inflicted by a British Providence, deprived Ireland of more than two millions of her children. In one year alone, thirty-three thousand houses were levelled to the ground by the Crowbar Brigade, and their inmates turned out on the roads to die of starvation and exposure. Fifty thousand were butchered by England in '98. The old passion has again seized the tyrant, and Irish blood has flowed once more. The three last consecrated martyrs of our race, whose daring and outspoken words on the scaffold, have enrolled their names in the vast pantheon of freedom's champions. These men were not murderers. Back in your face, as a London editor truly says, oh, England, the foul stigma, which you cast upon our butchered countrymen, is slung. France will not hear it. America will not list to it; the world will hold you guilty. Ireland, bleeding, beggared, trampled down in the earth, tells you that our three young countrymen, whose blood you deliberately and wantonly shed, were true patriots. Irish blood for many months has been thirsted for, and blood has at last slaked the thirst of the foul natures that yearned for it. The names of the illustrious triumvirate, Allen, O'Brien and Larkin, rise to the lips like a litany—their devotion to Ireland can never be forgotten until the sun turns into blood, and God ceases to rule in Heaven! From the memorable day when Lord Edward Fitzgerald died in prison, exclaiming—“*D—n you, come on!*” down until the strangulation of these Christian patriots, Irish blood has often called for vengeance. Young Allen, as he marched to the scaffold, asked, “what will America say when she hears of it.” As Poland looks to France, as the Christian looks to Palestine, so Ireland looks to America. But while we talk the dead are resting in their shrouds, and the living are mourning over them. They laid down their lives for Ireland, and though we cannot kneel upon their graves, or trace one fond line to their memories, yet their memories will always be green to the thousands who loved them and mourned them for Ireland's sake.

The eloquent Gladstone, in his recent speech, ascribes Fenianism and all the troubles of Ireland to the misgovernment and oppression of England. Ireland complains that her land for hundreds of years has been deemed legitimate plunder for the rapacious and needy servants of the British crown. She complains that the most cruel tortures and the most savage measures have been used to force on her people a detested Church, where its members only form one twen-

tieth part of the population ; that Henry the Second put the people to death because they did not want to be Catholics ; that Henry the Eighth did the same because they would not become Protestants ; that Cromwell the saint,

“ The mildest mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat,”

put them to the sword because they were loyal to the king.

She complains that Elizabeth fomented revolts, murdering a million of the Irish, in order that there might be estates enough for each importunate courtier.

She complains that an English king stole the Earl of Desmond's estate, six hundred thousand acres—that James the First seized six counties ; that eight million acres, two-thirds of the island, were distributed among the supporters of Cromwell.

She complains that William of Orange, he of glorious memory, turned out four thousand families to die upon the road, and then established a penal code worthy of Herod.

She complains that the Second George disfranchised five-sixths of her population, drove a hundred thousand to the army of France.

She complains that her clergy were hunted and massacred.

She complains that seven millions of money, supported by a hundred thousand bayonets, united Ireland to England.

She complains that millions of tithes are wrung from an over-worked peasantry to support a miserable set of sporting bishops.

She complains that when the sword failed to exterminate, that England, the Christian nation, the Empire of Hell, organized periodical famines in the years 1817, 1831, 1837, 1847, reducing Ireland from a population of eight millions to half that aggregate.

She complains that the frightful wars of 1641, the revolt of 1798, and the insurrection of 1848 were created by England for the extirpation of the Celtic race.

She complains that confiscation, banishment, and the gibbet, have been used by the Government of England, for the speedy and complete destruction of the Irish people.

She complains that for five hundred years the flower of every generation of Irishmen have been killed on the battle fields, or murdered on the scaffold, or driven into desolate exile for love of Ireland.

She complains that the sacred charter of manhood, without which

our life is lower than the dogs, is trampled under the feet of her foreign lords.

Ireland, in the face of Europe, in the face of America, in the face of the great Creator, is amply justified in entering upon a war with England; the people can do so with a free conscience and a full assurance that it is Heaven's work. It has been truly and forcibly said, by a powerful writer, that it is no light or factious quarrel.

It is Ireland's last resource, long evaded, long postponed. The rights which she sought in vain to purchase with her tears, she springs up at last to purchase with her heart's blood. In the coming onset the Irish people will have the sympathies of the true and good. The earth is weary of their groans!

They fight for liberty to live. Hundreds of thousands of Irishmen would again die in the tortures of famine if they continue to bow their necks to the Parliament of England! *They fight for liberty to retain the rights of manhood*—that in common with every nation in Europe, they may possess arms to defend themselves. They fight to resist outrages more grievous and dishonoring than those for which an English King was brought to the block—outrages which at this hour would cause the swords of France to spring from their scabbards to strike dead their audacious author. They fight because they are denied peace except at the price of dishonor—because their hero leaders are doomed to the prison and to the gallows. They fight because the honor, the interest, the happiness, the necessity, the very existence of that ancient nation depends upon the valor of the present time. If the Irish at home cower, flinch, or falter, then the hopes are gone for which their fathers gave their life's blood. Gone in the stench of dishonor and infamy that will cling to it forever. In God's name let the struggle begin. Oh! that my words could burn like molten metal through your veins, and light up the ancient heroic daring which would make each Irishman a Leonidas—each battle-field a Marathon—each pass a Thermopylæ!

In the Legislative halls of the Government, it has been asserted that Ireland is unworthy of her independence, because forsooth some recreant Irishmen in this country, have steadily acted with and voted for the slave lords of the South. That Ireland is the friend of oppression, in any form, is false. While other nations became rich and powerful by the sale of human beings, to the immortal honor of Ireland be it stated that no slave ship dared ever to enter her harbors. The greatest of dead Irishmen was Daniel O'Connell.

Like Berryer and Mirabeau, he was the orator of great masses of men. He struck down to the very earth, at a single blow, the rampant rhetoric of those who defended slavery in the English House of Commons. The advocates of oppression retreated and quailed before him. Hear what he said years ago when the *slave*, Frederick Douglas, was introduced to him in Conciliation Hall. This was a grand speech—as sublime a warning against oppression as ever fell from the lips of any Reformer. It was finely delivered, overwhelming in its logic, majestic in its rhetoric, biting in its sarcasm, melting in its pathos, and burning in its rebukes. “I have been assailed for attacking the American institution—negro slavery. I am not ashamed of that attack. I do not shrink from it. I am the advocate of civil and religious liberty, all over the globe. And wherever tyranny exists, I am the foe of the tyrant. Wherever oppression exists, I am the foe of the oppressor. Wherever slavery rears its head, I am the enemy of the system. I am the friend of liberty in every clime, class, and color. My sympathy with distress is not confined to my own green Isle. No! It extends itself to every corner of the earth. My heart walks abroad, and wherever the miserable are to be succored or the slave to be set free, there my spirit is at home and there I delight to dwell.”

Glorious Emancipator! These are noble words and nobly spoken. O’Connell was in his happiest mood. The fire of Freedom was burning in his mighty heart. The eloquent Douglas sat like a statue. How his heart throbbed and his eyes flashed as the Liberator pronounced this vivid and powerful address!

Here is another blast from O’Connell’s bugle:—“If there be in the huts of Africa, or amidst the swamps of the Carolinas, a human being panting for freedom, let it be proclaimed to him that he has friends in Ireland. A voice shall be raised in the old Irish nation which will roll back in thunder to America, which will mingle with her mighty waves, and which will cause one universal shout of liberty to be heard throughout the world. My humble words shall make way against the Western breezes; they shall ascend the Mississippi, they shall descend the Missouri, they shall be heard along the banks of the Ohio and of the Potomac, till the black man would leap with delight to express his gratitude to those who had effected his emancipation. And, oh! (But perhaps it was his pride that dictated the hope that some *black O’Connell* might rise among

his fellow-slaves who would cry), ‘Agitate! agitate! till the four millions learned the secret of their strength.’” The voice of O’Connell shall be heard, to use his own magic words, “riding against the blast as thunder goes, and telling the slave that the time for his emancipation has come, and his oppressor, that the period of his injustice is soon to terminate.” How he lashes the villany, loathes the hypocrisy, execrates sham republicans and spurious Christians.

My fellow-countrymen, think of these words of O’Connell, *Ireland incarnate*.—Think of all that he has said—think of it till your bosom swells, your soul is on fire, your pulses thrill with excitement. Thomas Francis Meagher, the most accomplished and talented Irishman who ever made this country his home, was the first General of the Union army to declare for negro suffrage. He said, speaking of negro soldiers: “By their fidelity and splendid soldiership, such as at Fort Wagner and Port Hudson, gave to their bayonets an irresistible electricity. The black heroes of the army have not only entitled themselves to liberty, but to citizenship; and the Democrat who would deny them the rights for which their wounds and glorified colors so eloquently plead, is unworthy to participate in the greatness of the nation, whose authority these disfranchised heroes did so much to vindicate.”

Right, brave Meagher!

When Douglas escaped from the grip of slavery, he went to Ireland, landing at Cork. He had a triumphal reception from the city authorities. A magnificent procession was formed, headed by several bands of music, and Douglas, though sitting in a carriage with Father Mathew, was taken out and carried to the banqueting hall on the shoulders of the multitude. A feature of the ovation was a colored boy and an Irish boy chained together, typical of the enslavement of the two races. Love of liberty is inherent in the breast of every Irishman. The antipathy of some of our race to the negroes has its origin in the teaching of England. “Wherever the English have ruled, prejudice against color exists. In Spain, France, Mexico, it does not exist. The Turcos are popular with the French, and yet they are black.” Courage, then, my countrymen, for the right, the beautiful and the true. Have we not sworn fidelity to liberty in a thousand passionate words, by our poets and orators, in the grave resolves of councils, leagues, and confederations?

Stand by the Union party—the party of patriotism, the party of progress, the powerful party that abolished slavery, squelched rebellion, and established the integrity and grandeur of the national domain.

The comic preacher of Brooklyn, Ward Beecher, in his recent Thanksgiving Sermon, took occasion to indulge in ironical allusions to the Irish race—calling the European emigrants, particularly the Celts, “a black vomit.” Though our countrymen have contributed so much by their energy and enterprise to the wealth and greatness of the country; though their blood was poured out in torrents on every battlefield of the Union, adding brighter lustre to the stripes, and making the stars of our time-honored flag shine with keener splendor; though they have sworn fidelity to the fortunes of the nation in many a fierce tempest of the Mexican and Indian wars; though their blood fattens every valley, and their bones bleach on every mountain, from Bunker Hill to the city of Mexico; though they have written a vindication of their loyalty in their heart’s blood at Fort Donelson, Stone River, Corinth, Chattanooga, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Resaca, Atlanta, Gettysburg, Fair Oaks, Petersburg and Fredericksburg, where the Irish brigade stemmed the tide of battle, and with a united Irish cheer, charged upon the foe, leaving sixteen hundred dead and wounded in the hands of the victorious Confederates. In the honored graves in which many of them sleep to-day, they are far above the flippant sneers and criticisms of the cold-blooded, narrow-minded Beecher.

Emerson speaks of foreigners as courteously as the Arch bigot of Brooklyn:—“The Irish and Germans come over here in shoals to dig our canals and manure our fields with their bones, and leave no further trace of themselves.”

Poor Emerson and Beecher! Do they know that Irish intellect, boldness, and industry have contributed many brilliant chapters to the history of the two greatest nations of the earth? Three of the signers of the great Declaration of Independence were Irishmen. Among the first to sympathize with the oppressed inhabitants of New England and to express indignation at British outrages were the militia officers of this grand State of North Carolina, all of whom were Irishmen. Their declaration of independence in 1776, one year before Jefferson wrote the immortal charter, is full of eloquent indignation at the tyranny of England. Jefferson’s great

document contains many of the ideas and phrases of the Irish delegates of the Mecklenburg Convention.—Here is one of their resolutions :

“That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign, self-governing association, under the control of no power than that of our God and the general government of the Congress; to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honor.”

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who devoted his princely fortune, and Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, who poured out his wealth like water, to replenish the scanty coffers of the impoverished colonies, were Irishmen. One-third of the revolutionary soldiers who defended New York, New Jersey and Massachusetts from the British hosts, were Irishmen. Chivalrous Montgomery, who fell on the heights of Quebec, with the stars and stripes flying above his head, was an Irishman. Thomas Addis Emmet, the polished diamond of the New York bar and Attorney-General of the State, was an Irishman. The Pennsylvania legion, whose blood was shed in noble defence of liberty, were Irishmen. Blannerhassett, the man of letters, of music, of philosophy, was an Irishman. Wellington, the great military captain, was an Irishman. The sweetest poet of the English tongue was Moore, an Irishman. Many of the renowned poets, orators and dramatists were Irishmen. The brilliant and powerful dramatic orator, Henry Grattan, whose eloquence was the very music of freedom, was an Irishman. Curran, the eloquent advocate and fearless champion of mankind, was an Irishman. The humorous, witty and patriotic Dean Swift, the most powerful writer of our language, was an Irishman. Edmund Burke, the loftiest name in British annals and a tower of strength to the struggling colonies, was an Irishman. Richard Lalor Sheil, the poet and orator, whose eloquence could even charm the serpents of despotism, was an Irishman. Knox, Thompson, Barry, Paul Jones, McDonough and Jackson, patriots of the past, were of Irish birth and blood. Sheridan, who, according to Byron, wrote the best comedy and pronounced the best oration in the English language, was an Irishman. Sterne, Steele, Usher, Lardner and Goldsmith, the exile from Auburn, “loveliest village of the plain,” novelists and philosophers, were all Irishmen. Canning, the accomplished diplomatist, who often saved England from ruin, was an Irishman. Hogan and Machlese, great painters, were Irishmen. Generals Napier and Gough, splendid soldiers, are Irishmen. Daniel O’Connell, mighty in eloquence, and

whose commanding majesty of soul embraced within the circle of his sympathies all religions and races, was an Irishman. Meagher, the splendid orator and patriot, whose eloquence even rivalled that of Sheil, was an Irishman. Shields, the shot-proof soldier, the only General who ever gained a victory over Stonewall Jackson, is an Irishman. Charles O'Connor and James T. Brady, the foremost lawyers of the American bar, are Irishmen's sons. Sheridan, the great military genius of the country, a bulwark in war and a marvel of a soldier, is an Irishman. Mulligan, the gifted soldier, martyr and orator. Conners, the great senator from California, and John A. Logan, the heroic commander of the Army of the Tennessee, honored names and decidedly Irish.

The illustrious Catholic Prelates, Bishops England, Kenrick, Hughes, were Irishmen and of Celtic lineage. Bishop Simpson, the renowned orator, the thunder and lightning of whose eloquence compelled even the *London Times*, to wonder and applaud, is of Irish origin. Charles Elliott, famous for Theological learning, every drop of blood that warms his generous heart is Irish. Henry Giles, the delicious essayist and charming lecturer, is a genuine Irishman. Shelton Mackensie, distinguished for classical attainments and splendor of diction is a pure Celt. M. Cullough (Mack), the accomplished phenographer and genial correspondent, is a young Irishman. Miles O'Reilly, poet, scholar, editor and soldier patriot, is an Irishman. Powers and Crawford, the sculptors were of Irish extraction. The first General officer killed in the revolutionary war, the first officer of Artillery appointed, the first Commodore commissioned, the first victor to whom the British flag was struck at sea, and the first officer who surprised a fort by land, were Irishmen, and with such enthusiasm did the emigrants from the 'Green Isle' espouse the cause of liberty that Lord Mountjoy declared in Parliament "*You lost America by the Irish.*"

The Irish race has given Generals and Marshals to France, Spain, Austria, and Russia. These are a few of the great and brilliant names which illuminate the sombre annals of poor Ireland. Proud, glorious old land, with such a brilliant past, and with sons who are now in administrative, military, and diplomatic circles, adding splendor to Ireland's fame; who would not rather be one of thy children than be Beecher and Emerson, loathed by mankind?

Here the lecturer gave a rapid and comprehensive narrative of

Irish politics, referring in glowing and eloquent terms to the Young Ireland movement of '48. He said that "the original founders of this splendid revolutionary organization were young men of fine talents and stainless morals. They aimed at securing the independence of Ireland by the use of physical force. O'Connell, the leader of the old organization, in a speech of great eloquence, denounced the young Republicans, remarking in his huge, lion-like style, that he would put his paw on them, and then introduced his famous resolution, that no liberty was worth the shedding of a drop of blood. Meagher, the brightest orator in the Confederation, replied to O'Connell in a magnificent and sublime speech, in which occurs his celebrated apostrophe to the sword. The young Ireland party was then formed, and around it gathered the intelligence and young hopes of the nation. Brennan says that a national literature soon sprang up. It was based on a warm love of liberty, while its graceful shaft was wreathed around with flowers of female enthusiasm. The names of Duffy, Williams, Davis, Mitchel, Meagher, Lalor, Managan, a noble brotherhood of poets and orators, soon spread with electric enthusiasm from Waterford to Derry. A new spirit inspired the people. Clubs were formed throughout the island, and the young men of culture were enrolled by thousands under the banners of the Confederates. The intrepid Meagher travelled extensively, addressing immense crowds who were eager to gather around the Republican standard. Those speeches of Meagher's were sublime bursts of eloquence, which have seldom, if ever, been equalled even by himself. Mitchell was everywhere hailed as a Tribune, and his strong, stern, magnificent denunciations of British misrule met with a hearty response in the breasts of thousands who were longing for the utter destruction of a government that upheld its domination in Ireland by a hundred thousand bayonets. "My father, sir," said he, in his clear, ringing tones, "was a United Irishman, and carried arms in defence of his country's freedom. Do you *dare* to tell me that I must abhor and stigmatize the memory of my own father." The revolution soon commenced. What genius was wasted on that struggle—what noble, loving hearts were broken! The gifted leaders were caught, and transported to the white rocks of Bermuda. Some of them died in poverty and anguish. In a dark, cold, cheerless hospital died Managan of the tuneful harp, Lalor, the fiercest rebel of them all, and most dangerous

Democrat in Britain, sank gradually into a lonely grave. In dark dungeons on the Southern seas, far from the old land they loved so well, scores of them fretted and pined against their chains. O'Brien, distinguished for his varied and profound learning, as well as for the goodness of his heart and simplicity of manners, died of a broken heart in Wales. Maurice Leyne, an orator of splendid gifts, his war-cry always floated clear and strong against England, and his dashing temper and fine abilities were always in requisition when Ireland was assailed. He sleeps in magnificent Tipperary. Meagher, the eloquent confessor of a manly faith, the Chrysostom of his suffering country, distinguished for wonderful depth and variety of language, his bright soul was quenched in the fatal waters of the Missouri. The last time, but one, that I met him, was at Nashville, Tennessee. He was full of anecdotes of the war, and especially of his Irish Brigade. One story that he told is too good to be lost. He said he was leading his men to the front in one of the seven days' battles, when an aid rode by and gave him the news that our army had carried a certain strategic point, and captured several colors. "D'ye hear that, boys?" shouted Meagher. "Our men have won the day and captured the enemy's colors. Just as I said that," remarked Meagher, "a private, who was plunging along, out of one muddy hole into another, look up to me and said, 'Ah, General! I'd rather hev a pint of O'Dinnis McGinnis' whiskey than all the colors of the rainbow.'"

It was while here that he came out for the Republican party, delivering an address of wonderful eloquence and power. The President of the United States, and other distinguished men who listened to it, can never forget its magical influence over the vast audience.

I well remember Meagher's visit to my native city, Belfast. I sat by his side. All eyes were centered on this eloquent young rebel. "There is mind and eloquence in him," muttered a scholarly philosopher, as Meagher just finished one of his brilliant illustrations in a beautiful and stately climax. The orator's voice became more melodious, rich and impassioned. Every eye is fixed, and as he depicts the wrongs of Ireland, every hand is clenched. In the short space of half an hour, distance was annihilated, time forgotten and the audience found itself surrounded by their oppressors, amidst whips, fetters, packed juries, murder, famine and death! The soul

of the orator which kindled as he advanced, burned within him and the flame communicated itself to the whole of the vast assembly. To such as were capable of calm observation, the scene was grand and sublime. As he approached the close of his magnificent speech, he gave a lightning glance at the atrocities of England, invoked the people to rise and rid themselves forever of the accursed Union.

"I arrest you," exclaimed an officer of the law. "No, by heaven," responded the gallant Meagher, and in these immortal words confounded the soldiery: "I can and will retract nothing, because it is neither safe nor wise to do anything contrary to conscience! Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise! God help me."

The next day five thousand men joined the young Ireland party and prepared to raise the standard of revolt. England trembled—matters were coming to a climax. Meagher was arrested; the mockery for trial was given him, and he was sentenced to be hung. His bearing during the trial was grand, elevated and heroic. His speech on the occasion has never been surpassed either in elegance of composition or in haughty defiance of the power that sentenced him to a felon's death. Subsequently this sentence was commuted to banishment for life in Van Diemen's land.

I saw him again at Washington at the princely residence of Mr. Coyle. He was accompanied by his charming wife, a lady whose beauty and accomplishments have made her a conspicuous ornament in every circle of polite society. The General was a passionate lover of the Republic. When an exile in Australia he always kept its flag flying from the *Speranza* on Lake Sorrell, where he and his companions spent pleasant hours. Meagher was brilliant in conversation. He talked of poor Ireland, her sorrows, struggles, and hopes. He inquired particularly and earnestly of Mitchell, whom I had recently met in Richmond. He spoke kindly, tenderly, and with evident emotion of his old friend and fellow sufferer, referring in touching terms to their early friendship and labors in the cause of their country. The observation was made, that perhaps we might never meet again, and with a superb smile he answered, "If not here, we shall meet yonder beyond the cedars and the stars."

Mozart died finishing the requiem that was first destined to be chanted over its creator, and then to enchant creation. *De Liles* wrote the chant that conducted him to the scaffold and which, then and since is the war cry of his nation "*The Marsellaise*." Tasso

lived long, yet died only when appreciated, the blithe notes of fame singing him out of the world with the laurels on his brow for a death chaplet. And Thomas Francis Meagher has fallen in the very bloom and promise of a brilliant manhood. By the millions of his countrymen in all lands his death will be profoundly lamented. His sincere and indefatigable efforts for the independence of dear old Erin endeared him to his countrymen. Americans will not forget him, for around his name are linked imperishable memories gathered at Bull Run, through the Peninsula's gloomy campaigns and Antietam's bloody plains; in the desperate charge at Fredericksburg. His grand and impassioned orations for an undivided nationality will cause the natives of the United States to weep for the loss of an adopted son, in whom

"The love of liberty with life was given,
And life itself the inferior gift of Heaven."

His old comrades in arms, and scores of others, will deeply regret the death of an old fellow-soldier who had so often given many signal proofs of devotion to the land of his adoption.

Thomas Francis Meagher, in appearance, was a fine specimen of a genuine Celt. He was of medium height, a captivating *personnel*, a florid face, brilliant eyes, glowing with the fires of patriotism. His countenance was thoroughly Milesian, large, open, genial, plump and ruddy. His voice was the very music of freedom. Meet him in sociable moments, he was overflowing with wit and humor of the rarest kind, caustic and cutting against intriguers, speculators and political charlatans, but genial and flowing towards his friends, full of buoyant vivacity, wit and historical lore, he was a genial, instructive and delightful companion. He was as pleasant a friend as Lever ever painted in any of his novels—his strongest weakness was a devoted love of the social pleasures. This was the head and front of his offending. In the light of those heroic sacrifices which made the early days of his career illustrious, his friends may well forget the errors from which no mortal is free, and rank his name high in the list of those who have deserved well of their country and made their mark upon their day and generation.

Our lips tremble as we speak of that sad July night, when in the turbulent waters of the Missouri, our gifted friend and brightest

model of a patriot, was drowned and lost to Ireland forever. The fatal tidings of his tragic death, caused sorrow and poignant grief to the households of tens of thousands of Irish scattered over the wide surface of the earth. That one so gifted, so generous and impetuous, so fervid and daring, so unflinchingly true to the great principles of Liberty, and one whose brilliant qualities of head and heart, amply proved that he was the truest type of chivalry and patriotism, should be suddenly swept out of existence.

The sons and daughters of the old land, which he loved so well, will bend with infinite tenderness over the sad and awful fate of Thomas Francis Meagher, the daring leader, the brilliant orator, the genial friend and chivalrous gentleman. Sacred memories of my lamented friend come over me at this moment. I hear once more his bright, musical and inspired oration, in which is contained his splendid apostrophe to the sword. It is no wonder that even Henry Grattan exclaimed that Meagher's speeches displayed the talent of Junius, the spirit of Burke, and the courage of Blood and Plunkett. Then his calm, brave address in the Dock when sentenced to be hung and quartered. This was one of the noblest and grandest of speeches. It was distinguished by purity and elegance of composition, as well as by a haughty and gallant defiance of the English butchers, who were thirsting for his blood. This magnificent burst of eloquent indignation is sufficient to make his memory eternal. I have thought that amid the convulsions of expiring worlds Gabriel covering this and Emmett's memorable vindication from the conflagration, will transfer them to the Throne of the Eternal. We are all familiar with Meagher's great and devoted gallantry during the war for the Union. The dead *Gael* was always present when the embattled hosts were charging the hottest, performing prodigies of valor.

His farewell words to the Irish Brigade; his inspiring and noble counsels; the tokens of love, gratitude, and kindness, which his fiery and splendid soldiers poured upon him as he left them; his triumphal journey through the North, arousing the dormant patriotism of our people; his grand orations in defence of the Stars and Stripes, the grandest flag that ever swept the breeze; these and a thousand other bright and conspicuous chapters of Meagher's eventful life must be left to the historian and biographer. I have before me now, several charming letters which he wrote me from Montana. In every line

there breathes patriotic devotion to America, his adopted country, and to Ireland, his native land. It is sad and mournful to reflect that after escaping the vicissitudes of dreary exile, and the fearful perils of a hundred battles, our dear friend should at last so suddenly perish beneath the resistless waves of the pitiless Missouri. Meagher still lives. His beautiful fancy, persuasive eloquence, and splendid gifts, (devoted to humanity in its broadest, noblest sense) will always plead for that distant isle, in whose behalf Grattan plead and Emmett died. In the great day of Ireland's redemption, when her brave sons unite to break her chains, then Meagher's spirit, like a blazing pillar of fire, will lead them to victory and triumph.

With what crushing agony must the sad news of his death, have fallen on his noble wife, who though possessing all the refinements and elegance of a highly cultivated lady, left the splendor of a luxurious and opulent home, to follow the fortunes of the Irish Brigade, partaking of the commonest fare, so that as a good angel, she might be ever near her devoted husband. The refined grace of her manner, the loveliness of her person, the sweetness and gentleness of her disposition,—these unrivalled charms before which gallant men bowed in homage, made her the model of elegance and refinement. A lady so accomplished, and so handsome, was worthy to be the peerless wife of the illustrious and beloved Thomas Francis Meagher. In every nation where Irishmen revere the memory of the dead patriot, his noble widow will have their prayers and sympathies.

Honored Meagher! true patriot! gallant soldier! genial friend! All hail and farewell! Take your crown and harp. Dwell forever in beautiful repose. In the grandeur of Eternal peace be the companion of Emmett, of Fitzgerald, of Lincoln, and of all those patriot heroes who, during the recent struggle, fell, making life illustrious and death divine!

Adieu! gallant Meagher! thou art buried in light! God speed thee to Heaven, lost star of our night! Brother of my heart! friend of my soul! farewell!!

Thomas Davis, another of that splendid host, brave-hearted, highly gifted Davis, lies in the cold clay in Glasnevin. He fell in the ranks, and was lost to Ireland forever. "*My work is killing me,*" were almost his last words. "I read with dimmed eyes," wrote O'Connell, "the noblest youth of his time was no more." Davis possessed a soft, sweet voice. His poems are instinct with heroic

life. The following stanzas of one of his poems exhibit tenderness and pathetic passion :—

“ Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you are looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you will find here before you,
And the oftener you come the more I'll adore you,
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, true lovers don't sever.”

His political songs were like the blasts of a trumpet, arousing the careless, and summoning the victims of tyranny to tireless action for life and land. For instance, what more thrilling than this ?

What rights the brave ?
The sword.
What frees the slave ?
The sword.
What strikes the crown of tyrants down,
And answers with its flash their frown ?
The sword.

John Mitchell was a deft controversialist, always ready for a polemic combat, an uncompromising and unconquered rebel against the English government. His manner is that of the essayist who reads and comments, rather than that of the orator who captivates. While admiring his splendid genius and unselfish devotion to Ireland, every lover of liberty was shocked by his apostacy to the slave power and defence of the horrid rebellion.

Then there was John Martin, a cultivated gentleman, distinguished for the finished dignity of his manner, and a Republican in principle and practice. He has recently been seized by the officers of England for a few earnest words spoken in condemnation of the Manchester massacre.

Managan possessed a mind of great originality, a strong and fervid imagination. Joseph Brennan, who sleeps beside him, was a clever, genial and charming poet. The following lines possess much sweetness and grace :—

“ Come to me, dearest—I'm lonely without thee,
Day-time and night-time, I'm thinking about thee;
Night-time and day-time, in dreams I behold thee,
Unwelcome my waking which ceases to fold thee.
Come to me darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten,
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly;
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.”

Come to me dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
 Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow,
 Strong, swift and fond as the words which I speak, love,
 With a song at your lip, and a smile on your cheek, love.
 Come, for my heart in your absence is weary—
 Haste, for my heart is sickened and dreary;
 Come to the arms which alone should caress thee,
 Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee."

This beautiful poem was written by poor Brennan to his wife in Ireland, when he was an exile in New Orleans.

Richard Dalton Williams was a fine scholar and a charming poet. He was so gentle, and so transparent, that one could not help loving him. He was a medical student in Dublin, and his beautiful song of the "Dying Girl," was composed while discharging his duties at the Hospitals. He came to America, and was engaged for a time in a College as Professor, and died in New Orleans, greatly beloved. His poems are rich, sweet, clear, and melodious, replete with beautiful imagery. His truly touching and beautiful lines on the "Dying Girl," are much admired, and have attained a wide popularity in Ireland and America.

From a Munster vale they brought her,
 From the pure and balmy air,
 An Ormond's peasant daughter,
 With blue eyes and golden hair.
 They brought her to the city
 And she faded slowly there,
 Consumption hath no pity
 For blue eyes and golden hair.

When I saw her first reclining,
 Her lips were moved in prayer,
 And the setting sun was shining
 On her loosened golden hair.
 When our kindly glances met her,
 Deadly brilliant was her eye,
 And she said that she was better,
 While we knew that she must die.

At length the harp is broken,
 And the spirit in its strings,
 As the last decree is spoken,
 To its source exulting springs.
 Descending swiftly from the skies
 Her guardian angel came,
 He struck God's lightning from her eyes,
 And bore him back the flame.

To the distinguished list of these who first and longest upheld the rebel flag against England in '48, must be added the name of the noble conspirator, Thomas Devin Reilly, a polished gentleman and a brilliant scholar. I am at a loss which most to admire, the intrepid leader who marshalled the conflict with injustice and tyranny, or the devoted patriot who sacrificed property, and the joys of a happy home, that Ireland might be delivered from the cowardly and treacherous English Parliament. The last hours of this gifted patriot, gallant traitor, and enthusiastic friend of liberty, demonstrated that the noble passion of his life was strong in death. John Mitchell, his devoted friend, tells how that with his dear wife at his side, and his little daughter playing at his knee, he calmly and grandly died, like a true Irish patriot. Thank God our martyrs die well. Reilly's thirtieth birthday arrived, and he knew his fate was come. He was in good health, but told his wife he must die. He often started up, threw open the window, and said the room smelled of DEATH. To his powerful imagination every thing was an omen of doom, and at night he heard the Banshee of his clan wailing along the shores of the Potomac. The last night of his earthly existence, he called his household around him, filled a bumper, and there standing on his floor, looking calmly into his early grave, with a bold and sunny smile upon his lip, and tears streaming down his rough face, he pledged his last toast,—*Old Ireland*. After that touching good night to "Ireland," he retired in his usual health; in the morning he was a corpse. Talk of heroic deaths. I challenge the world to exhibit a single instance worthy of being placed by the side of such a grand, beautiful example.

There were others, equally distinguished, who sacrificed all for the old land. John Savage, the scholar, essayist, and poet. Charles Gavan Duffy, one of nature's most gifted orators. Michael Doheny, the fearless champion of Democracy, and such familiar names as McManus, Dillon, O'Gorman, O'Doherty, Smythe, Davis the Belfast man, and the charming female poets, Speransa and Eva.

The young Ireland movement produced its legitimate effect—the revolutionary Literature generated by these brilliant scholars and orators, was not banished with its authors; their songs, essays, speeches, fell on the fiery Irish heart like sparks of electric fire. The Republican spirit was not quenched, but only waited for an opportunity to flame forth with greater intensity and power. Years

rolled on, and thousands of our race starved to death by British agencies. New taxes, new coercion bills, new insults, new robberies were inflicted upon the suffering people. At last a decision was formed. The intelligent and energetic classes resolved and prepared to make their proud demand for life and independence. The Fenian Brotherhood was organized. In a few years it created and fostered a literature of its own, it enrolled tens of thousands in its ranks, and increased more and more until the attention of the civilized world was called to the wrongs of Ireland.

Its chief object is the resurrection of Irish nationality. It advocates civil liberty, religious toleration and education, believing that a people to be free must be educated. Its grand principles are those of Swift and Jefferson: "That all governments, without the consent of the governed, is the very definition of slavery." Its immediate mission in Ireland is the establishment of a republic based on that sublime truth, grand as the heavens stretched over our heads, "*That all men are created equal.*" During the eight years of its existence it has excited the sympathies of mankind everywhere for Ireland; it has spread its ramifications all over the British isles; has called forth the admiring applause of the American Congress; has shaken the wooden walls of old England, and has created a sentiment in Great Britain and throughout the world, which demands that justice be done to Ireland. The English nobleman talked with thoughtless impudence when he asserted that Fenianism was put down. In the language of Sam Weller, in *Pickwick*, "It can't be done." The like never was attempted, only when Xerxes flung chains at the Hellespont:—

"And over that foolish deed has pealed
The loud, long laugh of a world."

The Irish cause is hopeful; this is the brightest hour that unhappy Erin has ever seen!

"Thou art not dead, my country; thou art not conquered;
Beauty's ensign is yet crimson on thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

The blow may be struck at any moment. Some of our countrymen may regard the whole movement as an extravagant joke. I would say to all such heartless Irishmen what a boy said to a General in New York. During the war a boy met a Brigadier

strutting about the streets of New York, when his soldiers were fighting in the front. The boy cried out from his papers, "Another great battle." The General bought a paper and put up his eye glass to examine it. Not finding what he looked for, he said to the boy : "I don't see any battle here." "No, darn ye," said the boy, "and you never will while you hang round this here town."

There is a grand battle impending in the old land, but while Irishmen's sympathies are so contracted and their hearts so full of prejudice, they will never see it.

The great struggle in Ireland will soon commence. Courage rises with danger, and heroism with resolve. Does not our breath come freer, each heart beat quicker, when we read of those rare and grand acts of heroism when all doubt and wavering are flung to the winds, and the soul rises majestic over each petty obstacle—each low, selfish consideration, and flinging off the fetters of prejudice, bigotry and egotism, bounds forward into the higher, diviner life of heroism and patriotism—defiant as a conquerer, devoted as a martyr, omnipotent as a deity.

There may be a disposition to doubt the possibility of accomplishing the freedom of Ireland. It may be considered as the prompting of a sanguine constitution, and the day dream of an ardent and vivacious fancy. That there are immense difficulties to overcome—that to the progress of Liberty there is opposition such as no other system can encounter, is instantly and candidly acknowledged. There are religious divisions and long continued and deeply rooted prejudices to be crushed. There are the thousands of foolish Orangemen, who dance attendance upon the landlords, who for their own aggrandizement countenance the disgusting mummeries of Orangemen. There are the hundreds of English and Scotch peasants who hold offices under the British Crown. There is the aristocracy, and an army of spies, detectives, and informers. Then again there are the Clergy of all the Churches, with a few honored exceptions, such as the noble Archbishop of Tuam. In spite of all these obstacles, I have a steady faith in the success of our cause, and I affirm, without hesitancy, that the time will come, when grandly as of yore, Ireland, released from the grasp of remorseless Britain, will make her own laws, and be governed by her own children. And O, happy, will the year be, when thus the grand object of patriotic desire shall be accomplished, and the redemption

of the Green Isle shall be achieved. Then the oppressions and indignities of many centuries will disappear, not as by a prolonged process, but with the celerity of enchantment. Then the groaning of the poor for bread, will be hushed; the woes and miseries of the people which now stalk abroad on the revelry of their sad dominion, will depart; the passions of party which have long rent the harmony of the nation, will be charmed; the symbols of bigotry will be taken down, and the entire Island will present a beautiful habitation of Love.

This is an enterprise worthy of our most earnest and indefatigable efforts. Strive to feel it, my countrymen, in all its grandeur; let the aspiration breathe in every scene; be it in the buoyancy of health, and in the languor of sickness, and in the closing agony of death, let your last prayer be for the deliverance of the old land.

Do you need illustrious examples to inspire? Need I recall the honored and beloved name of Robert Emmett, who animated by an unquenchable zeal, and inspired by a lofty courage, died for Ireland; and whose fine heroism and beautiful chivalry, constrained applause even from those who regarded him as an Enthusiast. There is something fine and elevating in the superb manner in which this high spirited youth upheld an oppressed cause, and maintained the majesty of an insulted country. I cannot imagine a greater privilege than the having been admitted to familiar intercourse with one so gifted with every Christian and patriotic virtue. The coldest heart would have caught something of his fire to have heard him deliver that memorable and immortal speech in the dock; would have nerved even the most cowardly, to have marked his demeanor at the tribunal of the infamous Norbury; would have taught the oppressed, that there may be liberty in chains, to have been with him in the prison and on the scaffold, when the tyrant's fetters were already upon his limbs, and the tyrant's sword was already unsheathed. There I would like to have observed him; there I would have communed with him; there I would have sat at his feet, eager to know what visions were floating before him, and to catch every word that flowed from his lips. Who can question that there came to him in the solitude of his prison, glorious visitations from the invisible world, and that while the fetters were upon his body, the spirit soared as on eagle's wings, and communed with Regulus, Winkenried, and the other victims of despotic governments. Emmett,

on the eve of his martyrdom, must have gazed with rapture on the resurrection of that proud and glorious land, for whose sake he cheerfully offered up his life.

Shall I continue to cite the familiar names of such daring conspirators as Porter, Barber, McNeil, and Stevelly, Presbyterian ministers who died on the scaffold. Sinclair, Jackson, Simpson, Wiley, Episcopalian parsons who were united Irishmen. Russell, McCracken, Neilson, Monroe, Rowan, Harvey, Bond, Simms, Butler, the Tennants. Protestant gentlemen who were among the foremost and most desperate of the Irish Rebels of 1798. Then the brave and devoted Catholic priests, such as Murphy, Kearns, Roche and their compatriots the mention of their names, sends the blood quicker through our veins. May their memories be eternal. Or, coming down to later times, need I refer you to the young and glorious Thomas Davis, who when the laurels of applause were yet green upon his brows, and the road to honor lay open before him, abandoned all, that he might aid in Ireland's regeneration.

Ireland will yet triumph. She will rise again like a young queen, proud and happy. Prosperity will run like fresh blood through the veins of her people. The green banner will be hailed in the port of Boston. Emmett's epitaph will be written.

"Oh, the sight entrancing,
When the morning's beam is glancing,
On files arrayed with helm and blade,
In freedom's cause advancing."

This generous Republic that has furnished so magnificent a shelter for thousands of our countrymen, is with Ireland in the coming struggle. There have always been between the two nations the friendliest sympathies. When Franklin was ordered out of the London Parliament, he went across to Dublin, where he was received with distinguished honors. When King George demanded forty thousand Irishmen to cut the throats of Americans, the Irish Parliament refused to vote a solitary soldier. In 1861, when England threatened a war in case Seward and Mason were not surrendered, ten thousand Irishmen met in Dublin and resolved to fight beneath the stars and stripes. Every Irish heart throbbed for us in the recent war. Ireland looks to America. The United States, in the language of the Galwayman, is "the next parish to Ireland."

The American Congress, the noblest body in the world, has declared its sympathy for our cause. Chandler, Wilson, Nye, Sherman in the Senate; Banks, Logan, Judd, Robinson in the House, have spoken brave words for the dear old land. The bold and impressive utterances of the President are suggestive and helpful. The leading editors, have championed the right of Ireland to representative government. The leading members of Congress are in genuine sympathy with our most cherished hopes. The men of thought and action, who smashed the fetters of the slave, are the devoted friends of Irish emancipation.

We appeal to you to-night—is there a man among you who thinks that Ireland has not been sufficiently degraded in her honor and her rights to justify her now in fiercely turning upon her oppressor? No, a man so infamous cannot tread the earth; or, if he does, the voice of the coward is stifled in the dear, wild, ringing shout that leaps from hill to hill; that echoes from sea to sea; that peals from the lips of an uprisen nation—“*We must be free.*”

By the memory of Fitzgerald, brave as a lion, gentle as a lamb; by the memory of the brothers Sheares, hung on the same scaffold; by the memory of Wolf Tone, the first to organize Irishmen against the tyrant; by the memory of the multitudes of revered men, murdered by England; by the memory of Monroe and his gallant compatriots whose heads were spiked and impaled; by the memory of Orr, the first to give his life for Union, and Emmett, the last to seal it with his blood; by the memory of the recent gallant victims of British oppression, let us swear by our hopes of immortality, not only to break the fetters of Ireland, but try to raise her to a glorious elevation—defend her, liberate her, enable her, sanctify her.

THE Publisher appends a brief sketch of the life of the author, furnished by the talented correspondent of "*The Pilot*," LAFFAN :

The PEPPERS of Ireland are of Angelo-Norman stock. John D'Alton traces them back to the period of the invasion. In the ranks of the followers of Richard de Claire, or Clare, Earl of Pembroke and Strigue, nicknamed, like his father before him, Strongboy, were representatives of the Pippards or Peppers of Devonshire, England. Camden, and in our own times, Dean Butler, credit a William Peppard, Pipard, or Pepper, with the erection of the original Castle of Trim, Co. Meath. It was rebuilt in the 13th century. Sir Richard Colt Hoare, in his *Tour in Ireland*, described the decaying structure as the only edifice in the country worthy of the name of Castle. In an historical point of view, it is one of the most important buildings in Ireland. It "proves of great utility to the general interest of the Pale, to which the influence of the English was for many ages confined." Several of the Anglo-Irish parliaments met there. "During the intestine wars of the 17th century" it was repeatedly the scene of important actions. It was dismantled soon after the year 1650 ; and it has ever since remained in a state of progressive decay."

These Pippards or Peppers were somewhat famous in Anglo-Irish annals as founders of castles, monasteries, etc., especially in and near Ardee, Co. Louth, of which Roger de Pipard obtained a grant soon after the invasion. Ralph de Pipard surrendered the manor to Edward I. A grant of it was made by Edward II. to Sir John Birmingham, subsequently created Earl of Louth. The Pippards, descendants of Roger, were long known as Lords of Ardee, or Athirdee.

Among the Catholic families of note in Dublin, who, by participating in the famous Irish Insurrection of 1641, incurred the penalty of forfeiture of their estates, was a branch of the Peppards. Though Gilbert, in his *History of the city of Dublin*, makes no mention of them, D'Alton, in his *County History* notices them.

When James II. granted, in 1689, a charter to Dragheda, Ignatius Pippard was Mayor, and two of his name were aldermen, and three, burgesses, of the city. They, like nearly all of their name and blood in Ireland, were Catholics; and by their adhesion to the fortunes of King James they became practically outlaws in their native land, having been attainted by the representatives of the alien William of Orange.

George Pepper, who was editorially identified with the *Pilot*, in its earliest years, and who, besides his various editorial labors, commenced the publication of a really meritorious History of Ireland, which he lived only to bring down to about the period of the invasion, was a native of the County Louth. His birth place was Tallistown, near Ardee. "He died in Boston [May 11, 1837, at the age of 45 years] of a violent cold and fever, caught from stripping off his coat to cover some unfriended countryman of his own."*

REV. GEO. W. PEPPER, author of the very eloquent address on Ireland's Martyrs, which was published in full in the *Pilot*, some weeks since, is also a native of the Green Isle. He was educated partly at the Royal Belfast Academical Institution, and partly at Glasgow.

In his native land, he won honorable distinction, as an earnest and eloquent advocate of the cause of temperance. To him, belonged the honor of having founded there, the Maine Law League, of which he was, for two years, corresponding secretary. He had a sharp controversy on the subject of legal prohibition with Dennis Holland, Esq., then editor of the *Ulsterman*. He succeeded in calling attention to the terrible evils of intemperance and the necessity of adopting some measures to prohibit the indiscriminate sale of liquors. The first grand meeting, under the auspices of the Maine Law League, was held in Belfast, which was attended by the well known Philanthropists of Dublin, James Haughton and Richard Allen. The organization of branch societies became quite popular. Mr. Pepper was appointed a delegate to the mass meeting, held in Manchester in 1853, at which were present, John Bright, Richard Cobden, James Silk Buckingham (an author of numerous books of travels, and an old friend and correspondent of Mathew Carey, of Philadelphia) who cast all their weight and influence in favor of the temperance reform.

* Mooney's History of Ireland, published by Mr. Donahoe, vol. I, p. 126.

Mr. Pepper had the pleasure of witnessing the rapid spread of temperance principles in Ulster, before he left his native country, in which, politically, he had been in active connection and sympathy with the Repeal Agitators; and, subsequently with the Young Irelanders, of which latter party he knew and loved many of the leaders.

He first met and became acquainted in Belfast, with the lamented Maj. Gen. Meagher, whose friendship Mr. Pepper thereafter enjoyed without interruption up to the time of the terribly sudden death of his beloved young chief, who, while living in Montana, kept up an interesting correspondence with his friend, Chaplain Pepper. So warmly was the noble Meagher esteemed by Mr. Pepper, that the latter had one of his children christened in honor of the fallen hero. In a very affecting letter, recently received by a friend, Mr. Pepper thus touchingly mentions his beloved chief: "I loved him living, and mourn him dead. Peace to his ashes, and honor to his beautiful memory. In all my addresses, even in my sermons, I occasionally introduce his name."

Mr. Pepper emigrated to the United States in 1854; and immediately entered Kenyon College, Ohio, for the purpose of studying theology. In due time, he was ordained a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and during the few years preceding the commencement of the Civil War he served his church, most zealously, in the missionary field of labor.

On the outbreak of the late civil war, in 1861, as an enthusiastic Irish-American, devoted—like the mass of his element in these States—to the union and institutions of his adopted country, Mr. Pepper, minister though he was of the Gospel of peace, felt obliged by his convictions and duty to give all the aid in his power to his government. He recruited several hundred men for the loyal armies. He was chosen captain of a company of infantry, and chaplain of his regiment, 80th Ohio volunteers, at the same time. He declined the chaplaincy, and led his company into the field of action. During the campaigns in the Mississippi Valley, he was disabled, and forced to resign the command of his devoted band of "soldiers of freedom." His resignation had been scarcely accepted, when he was unanimously elected chaplain of the regiment for the second time. As chaplain, he continued with the command to the close of the war. He participated in the great "March to the Sea," and

thence northward through the Carolinas and Virginia, of the army of General Sherman. Of this famous "flanking movement," he wrote and published an interesting history, which has been highly commended by Secretary Stanton, as also by Major Generals Logan, Howard, McCook, and others.

About a year since, Mr. Pepper, on the recommendation of his personal friend, and fellow Irish-American, was made a chaplain of the Regular Army, and assigned to duty on the field staff of the 40th U. S. Infantry. The appointment was given to him in consideration of his personal gallantry in several battles, and indefatigable devotion to the sick in hospitals, &c.

As an Irish-American, of warm and generous impulses, Mr. Pepper has taken a deep interest in the movement of the Fenians to release and exalt their down-trodden fatherland. He met with much hostility from his Church, and also from its Bishops, ministers, members and newspaper writers, because of his military propensities, his devotion to the cause of the Union; and, above and beyond all else, because of his active sympathy with the Irish Republican leaders. His motives were impugned; his character was assailed; and, to "cap the climax" of abuse, he was invidiously denounced as "a Jesuit in disguise." Nevertheless, he kept on his way unflinchingly, and ultimately so completely triumphed over all opposition, that he had the gratification of witnessing the adoption, by a whole conference of two hundred Methodist preachers, with its presiding Bishop, of a series of resolutions written by himself, and expressive of sympathy with the Fenians in Ireland.

In the agitation relative to the rights of naturalized citizens, now in progress, Chaplain Pepper has taken an active part. He has been in constant correspondence on the subject, and on the kindred topic of the sufferings and claims of his race, with Senators and Representatives; and with officials of high rank generally, including Senators Wilson and Chandler, Representative Logan and Chief Justice Chase. In this way, though in official employment in the military service of his adopted country, he has endeavored to the utmost of his fine ability, yet limited opportunity, to discharge his obligations to his native land.

The headquarters of his command having been, for some time past, at Goldsboro, N.C., this eloquent Irish-American there made it his duty to deliver in the presence of an alien body, and in a Baptist church, the magnificent discourse which entitles him to the lasting gratitude of his "countrymen in exile." His noble "record" is eulogy most meet for this gifted, zealous, and patriotic Irish-American.

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